

HINTS TO MAYORALTY CANDIDATES.

By CAMPBELL CORY.

No. 3.



A pledge to suppress the man who carries his umbrella this way would have considerable influence at the primaries.

SOME SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED BY AN EXPERT, HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Cocoa Butter as a Bust Developer.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have heard that cocoa butter will develop the bust. If so will you kindly tell how to use it?

Cocoa butter is used in connection with massage, and is a convenient and useful emollient, but if applied continuously turns the skin yellow. I do not think it would have much effect in developing the bust, unless it were necessary to other treatments, such as vocal culture, light gymnastics, deep breathing and frequent warm ablutions.

Dyes That Do Not Rub Off.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Is there anything to give premature gray hair the original black color without using certain dyes that leave the hair red as the dye wears off? Is there also a dye that will not rub off against anything it touches?

There are a number of dyes that will turn the hair black, are unfading and do not rub off. If properly applied they do not turn the hair red as the dye wears off.

Would Like to Be Gray.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: Would you kindly give me a recipe for turning dark-brown hair gray? S. M.

Nothing will turn dark-brown hair gray that would not be injurious to use, and I am therefore unable to suggest anything.

Don't Use Too Much Salts of Tartar.

Kindly tell me if salts of tartar will lighten the hair, and how to use it? What is good for excessive perspiration?

ANXIOUS.

Salts of tartar used once in a while will not injure the hair, provided, of course, you do not make the solution too strong. I think the olive oil soap shampoo just as efficacious and there is less chance of making the hair brittle. I will give you a remedy for excessive perspiration: Glycerine, 2 ounces; perchloride of iron, 6 ounces; essence of bergamot, 20 drops. Apply with a small camel-hair brush night and morning. Let this lotion lay on and

afterward dust over with a powder made as follows:

Burnt alum, 5 grams; salicylic acid, 2 1/2 grams; starch, 15 grams; violet talcum powder, 50 grams. Salicylic acid may be procured of any druggist.

Olive Oil Soap Shampoo—Melt a cake of pure olive oil soap in a quart of boiling water. When the soap is dissolved the result will be almost a jelly. Take of this jelly, say, two large tablespoons and a small lump of common washing soda about the size of a riblet. First wet the hair thoroughly with hot water, then rub the shampoo mixture well into the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several waters. Then carefully dry.

Has Tried Dozens of Cures.

Dear Mrs. Ayer: I have been troubled for the past six months with pimples and blackheads on the forehead. I have tried dozens of

cures, and none seems to do me any good whatever. Will you kindly give me some simple and sure cure?

A WORLD READER. I wish I could give you a simple and sure cure for the blemishes you mention. Unfortunately, there isn't any simple, sure way of washing blackheads and pimples. There are many cases of blackheads and pimples, and a remedy that will cure one person will be without value to another. You might try this acne lotion, which is excellent in many cases:

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; glycerine, one dram; rose water, four ounces. Apply at night and let the lotion remain on the face, which should first be washed in hot water and a pure bland soap and thoroughly rinsed in pure hot water and dried.

REPARTEE.

AN EIGHTEEN-HOUR DAY FOR SIX YEARS.

THE SAME PAPER THAT TELLS OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S ORDER THAT LETTER-CARRIERS MUST NOT WORK OVER EIGHT HOURS A DAY, AND DISCUSSED THE REV. DR. MINOT J. SAVAGE'S BELIEF THAT FOUR HOURS' WORK A DAY WOULD BE THE IDEAL THING, TELLS ALSO OF DEMETER STEPHANOVE, WHO SAYS THAT FOR SIX YEARS HE HAS SLEPT ONLY SIX HOURS OUT OF EVERY TWENTY-FOUR, AND WORKED

hard but cheerfully the other eighteen.

"And I feel none the worse for my experience," he says.

Demeter Stephanove is a young Greek. He came to this country a few years ago from Macedonia—poor, ambitious, eager to rise and prosper, willing to do any amount of hard work.

He begged for work as a conductor on the New Haven trolley cars. His "bosses" on the road, learning and respecting his ambition, gave him work as a conductor during the night hours, which enabled him to attend Yale College. With his own money thus earned he paid his way.

Last Wednesday he got leave of absence from his car and, as the crown of six years of double labor—nine hours a day working on the cars, nine hours a day studying in the college or in his rooms—put on his cap and gown and was graduated with a Master of Arts diploma.

Then he put on his uniform, jumped on his car and started in to collect fares as before. He is going to keep working on the cars of New Haven till he has earned enough money to go to Germany and study for a doctor's degree. You will hear of Demeter Stephanove again. For he has a firm grip on the idea Longfellow had when he wrote:

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

BREAKING UP A DREAM.

"I was awakened from such a beautiful dream this morning. The sky was opening and I could hear the Angel Gabriel playing the most entrancing strains on a golden trumpet."

"What wakened you?"

"A patent soap adverter driving by the house in a donkey cart and tooting on a brass cornet!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.

"Henry, Henry!" whispered the wife of the good citizen, "there's a robber in the house."

"Lots o' them," replied Henry, sleepily, "in the House and Senate, too, but they ain't a circumstance to those in City Councils!"—Philadelphia Press.

AN EFFECT IN ROSEMARY.

whispered the woman's heart, "something sweet and unchanged."

She went onto the stage with a pensive loveliness in her face, and when she sang there were those tears in her voice that she dared not shed, the tears of the heart for the days that were gone.

Her heart ached when she went, with her brilliant manager, before the curtains. She longed to cry out:

"I am little Milly Ellis, who was born and brought up here in New York, obscure enough among you—and now—now I have conquered you all!"

But even in that hour there was to be something besides. As she bowed and smiled, speechless in her deep emotion, a slender tongue of flame leaped from

above in the folds of her wings, and caught a swaying golden banner. And in the next second hoarse cries of "Fire!" were here and there and wild screams of terror. In a breath the woman was forgotten in the fear of death.

The manager flew from her side to the rear, commanding, half mad with this sudden change of fortune. But his fire leaped, like a thing of life, from the flimsy ornament and drapery to another, and the opening doors fanned the flames. In that desperate moment a deep voice said to Milly:

"Come with me—at once!"

A heavy wrapping, the curtain of one of the boxes, was twined about her. She was fairly whirled off her feet by the

impetuosity of a race across the stage and a plunge and jump into the orchestra box. Half dragged, half running, the singer was urged on until she stood in the alleyway back of the theatre and knew she was safe.

In the lurid light Milly Ellis looked at her rescuer. He was tall and broad and said, more kindly, "the triumph of a few moments. Still, it may satisfy you—your art may still be more to you than friendship, love, and even life."

But she caught his arm and clung to him. "After this! After I have learned what art means—how cruel it is—how art is nothing to life? O, John, my heart has been aching all day for the old time when I could be happy."

The World.

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A WORTHY AMERICAN CITIZEN HAS A DISTRESSING ATTACK OF "ROYAL SUNSTROKE."

Looking at D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, and Edward, of England, as two human beings—and in this country we are taught to look at men just as they are—you will instantly say that Henderson is the better man of the two. He looks more of a man. He has done more. He is a more creditable member of the human family in every way. He is distinguished by merit, while Edward is distinguished solely by the most accidental of accidents—birth.

Therefore when D. B. Henderson and Edward met, if there was to be any sense of superiority it ought to have been on the side of D. B. Henderson; if there was to be any eagerness to make a good impression, it ought to have been on the side of Edward.

It did not in the least matter what Edward thought of D. B. It might matter a great deal if a powerful American like D. B. got a bad impression of Edward.

Yet, after twenty minutes of commonplace conversation with the stout, commonplace gentleman who is the figurehead on England's throne, D. B. Henderson was in a state of mind bordering on hysteria. He came out exclaiming that we need worry no more, that the King had assured him that if we got into trouble England would defend us!

What was the cause of D. B.'s "sunstroke?"

Well, for two winters D. B. has been upsetting Washington "society" by his stern and unbending attitude on the grave question of the exact position to which his "rank" as Speaker of the House entitled him at social functions. This showed that for all Mr. Henderson's merit he has got a very big pinched-in place in his soul. And when the fat, "pleasant-spoken" King "jollied" him this pinched-in place came into evidence. And so D. B. made a goose of himself.

He is not the first American to be carried off his balance by contact with the titular tawdriness of monarchy. But it is a pity that he should make such an exhibition of himself when he is so conspicuous in our public life. It makes our democratic principles seem a little absurd. What kind of a democrat is it that forgets himself when a king is, for the most obvious motives of self-interest, polite to him?

Can any one imagine a citizen of the Roman republic getting on his knees before some trumphy king who was trying to make himself "solid" with the Roman people?

DEMETER STEPHANOVE.

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WHO PAYS FOR PARK CHAIRS?

By FERDINAND G. LONG.



When Fashion and Prosperity grow weary, in the park, They fill the few free benches and they keep them filled till dark; While the hapless Children of the Poor, who'd rest and breathe pure air, May pay for that glad privilege in a nice new five-cent chair.

THE EVENING WORLD'S BIG LETTER CLUB.

A Free Bath Complaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Yesterday being a hot day, we decided to go to one of the east-side public free baths. As we were going in with a few of our companions the keepers demanded five cents from each person. We wish to ask the kind readers if a thing like this is not a disgrace to the city of New York, for charging poor east-side working boys money for a public free bath.

LOUIS NEWMAN, No. 122 Broome st.
LOUIS BANKS, No. 111 Lewis st.

An Unpleasant Block.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Having made numerous complaints of the sanitary condition of a Brooklyn avenue to the Board of Health of this borough, of skunking water in the gutters of this block, caused and left there by a certain ice-cream company, and not having received any attention whatsoever on their part, I herewith beg leave to draw public attention to this matter in the hope of abolishing this nuisance, and thereby rendering a great favor to the residents of this block as well as to the people compelled to pass through it.

CONSTANT.

The Pleasure-Seekers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: People go to Coney, and Rockaway, and North Beach on a sweltering hot day. They go into the hot "L" which takes them to the boat or the trolley. The cars are filled with sweating men, women and children. The cars occasionally give a lunge backward or forward. This sends the passengers into each other's laps. The ladies who might otherwise enjoy this trip are extremely annoyed and shrink back. The men utter an oath and wish themselves elsewhere. The pleasure-seekers, after many hardships and privations, reach

dear old Coney and feel for the first few minutes extremely happy. Soon they feel miserably not in their clothes begin to stick to them. When night arrives they thank Heaven and hurry to their quarters. Very nice, this! Verily, there is no place like home. Home is the coolest and the best.

LOUIS A. KERPER.

Praise for Gen. Sumner.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The returning of the sword to Gen. Canby by Gen. Sumner, to whom he surrendered, is an act typical of what an American general would do; and it goes to prove that Sumner in Laguna Province is no less chivalrous than was Grant at Appomattox. Truly, this magnanimity on the part of the United States in the treatment of her conquered enemies sows seeds of friendship that never cease to yield bountiful and beneficial crops.

W. H.

A Plan for Humanity.

To the Editor of The Evening World: As it is now the time when city people depart for the country, may I, in the name of humanity, remind householders of the household cat that they may not

leave it to starvation? If a request made to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, an agent of the society will call, wherever directed, to take away any animal of which the owners desire to be rid. Because of laziness, stupidity and general heartlessness, hundreds of helpless animals are abandoned to the intolerable sufferings of thirst, hunger and final starvation in the summer exodus.

B. HARTMAN.

Favors Patriotic Notes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I notice a communication from "A Sufferer" who appears to want all noise stopped. Those "awful firecrackers" distress and annoy the writer very much. I am past fifty-five years of age and have not enjoyed health for years, but it gives me pleasure to see those "bad boys" enjoy themselves in making it known they are with us still. And after they grow to manhood have been just such "bad boys" with knapsack and gun, start for the front to defend the flag in whose honor they are firing those "awful firecrackers."

HASBEEN.

MISTAKES TO AVOID.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to yield in immaterial matters.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp, and to claim a measure to expect to be able to understand everything.

BY FALLEN FAIRIES.

WHERE is she now, the Queen of Love, They gave the rose, the silver dove, Where Ceres of the yellow hair Made double sunshine on the air?

Where she in heaven forewent the boy, Passing the cup of youth and joy, Where they lay, whom the bright arms bore To loveless off, since come no more?

Where wave-born Clytie, making moan For Lord Apollo, false and frown? Where she locked in the laurel tree, Where, now, the hand-clasped, happy Three?

Where they that wore the filmy green, Their sleeky limbs showed whiter in; And they that on the sea rocks met To launch brave love tales, drifting yet?

Where are they all, once hovering By fallen fane, by bush and spring? Where gaze they now, so sweet and wise, Of the calm, immortal eyes? —John Vance Cheney.

These young girls have graduated. Can you find the college president?

DAILY LOVE STORY.

For answer he wrapped the red drape-ry about her and over her fallen hair. "You are not so changed," he said. "There was a note of tenderness in his voice."

"But you? What has come to you John? You are affected."

"I am a man," he said, and as he spoke the lurid light fell upon his face. "I am a man now, and I claim a measure of life. I would share no one with art. I must have all or nothing. You know me of old."

She knew him. He had not approached her or written her for years. "And you have waited all this time?"

"I cared for no one else."

The immensity of the feeling she had long ago awakened struck at the door of her heart. She clutched at his hand. She wet it with her tears.

"It was art or life," she said, brokenly, "and life won, John, life has won."

SECRET OF TEDDY'S SILENCE

Teddy has remained comparatively quiet for about twelve weeks now. That should mean at least a dozen new books.

Chicago News.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this morning jacket in medium size 33-1 yards of material 22 inches wide, 31-4 yards 32 inches wide.



or 33-4 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 7-13 yards of lace to trim as illustrated.

The pattern (No. 325, sizes 32 to 40) can be sent for 50 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Building, New York City."